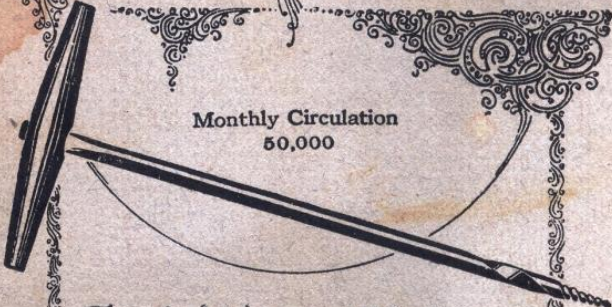


# The Gimlet

Monthly Circulation  
50,000



The gimlet is a small instrument  
with a point

September, 1912

- Damages 10 Cents per annum -
- We need the money - There may be more numbers - That all depends -
- This is real second class stuff that pays first class postage - No post offices entered.

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**A** MIDDLE-AGED MERCHANT CAME OUT ON MY SHIPPING PLATFORM THE OTHER DAY AND MADE THIS REMARK: "I HAVE BEEN WORKING SO HARD THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO MAKE ANY MONEY."

HE WAS RIGHT. HE NEVER TOOK TIME TO THINK OUT HIS BUSINESS.

WE MUST NOT ONLY WORK. WE MUST PLAN. WE MUST EVERY NOW AND THEN SIZE UP OUR BUSINESS JUST AS IF WE WERE AN OUTSIDER. WE MUST DIG UP AND FACE THE REAL TRUTH.

ARE YOU MAKING MONEY? IF NOT, WHY? THAT'S THE FIRST QUESTION TO SETTLE.

Original—thot out by

*Mike Kinney*

Teamster and Editor.

The Gimlet

# NORVELL-SHAPLEIGH HARDWARE CO.

ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.



## *Ecco* SAFETY RAZOR



*She: "How well you look  
this morning!"*

*He: "I shaved with an  
Ecco safety razor!"*



WE HAVE A VERY ATTRACTIVE  
*Ecco* RAZOR PROPOSITION  
WRITE US — SEE OUR SALESMEN

"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"



## The Gimlet

### ROME NICKEL PLATED COFFEE POTS



This illustration shows the No. 2651 series of Rome fancy coffee pots (also made in tea pots, No. 2601 series); made of heavy nickel plated copper with silver lining; seamless body joined to seamless breast; embossed lip; black enameled handle and knob.

No. 2651—1-pint.....	per dozen, \$20.50
No. 2652—2-pint.....	" " 22.00
No. 2653—3-pint.....	" " 23.00
No. 2654—4-pint.....	" " 24.00

Usual Trade Discount

We carry a complete line of Rome goods, and can fill orders promptly and complete.

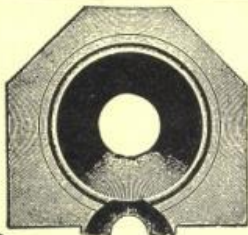
#### YOU MAY TALK

of your English tea and your Russian tea, but between you and me, boys, on a cold winter morning I want to sit down to a cup of good old coffee made in the good old American way. We've got a new Rome Percolator at our house, and let me remark that the Madam certainly makes "some" coffee in it. Those Rome people know how to make coffee pots and percolators and if you are looking for a nice line of goods for the holiday trade take my tip and put in a line of these Rome specialties.

M. K.

**"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"**

**SEE THE  
THICKNESS  
OF THE  
BREECH**



THIS IS THE  
**King Nitro**

Reinforced Breech, Single Gun. The strongest and most satisfactory single gun made. Especially adapted for Nitro powders.

Safe, Accurate and Durable

WITH REGULAR EXTRACTOR

No. 812—12-gauge -----each, \$12.00  
No. 816—16-gauge ----- " 12.00

WITH AUTOMATIC EJECTOR

No. 812E—12-gauge -----each, \$13.00  
No. 816E—16-gauge ----- " 13.00

Usual Trade Discount



**THE PICTURE AT THE TOP**

of this page looks like the rear end of a cannon, but then the buyer says that this really is a cannon breech, so I guess it's all right. The picture was intended to show the actual size of the breech of the King Nitro gun to give an idea of how it is reinforced to stand the excessive shock of Nitro powders. You don't need to be afraid to buy this gun for your boy. It is made so strong there is no danger of him blowing it up.

M. K.

**"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"**

## The Gimlet



### Black Diamond Hot Blast Heaters

This is a truly wonderful heater. For perfect combustion, economy of fuel, amount of heat and length of fire retention it has no equal.

Is handsome in appearance and will ornament any room.

	Each
No. BD14—14-inch.	\$30.00
No. BD16—16-inch.	34.00
No. BD18—18-inch.	38.00

Usual Trade Discount

#### THE BLACK DIAMOND HOT BLAST HEATER

we show on this page is a little out of the ordinary. As you know most hot blast heaters are straight up and down like a drum. They are all right for heating, but are not much on looks. In this heater we have both looks and heating qualities and if you want to enjoy the artistic while warming your shins, I suggest that you send for a few of these Black Diamond Hot Blast Heaters.

M. K.

*"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"*

**GOOD SERVICE**  
Non Skid

### BICYCLE TIRES

**THE TREAD**—Real Rubber—Plenty of it—just where wear and tear get in their work. Then, too, the button-like Projections with which it is so thickly studded, make it as sure-footed as a tom-cat.

**THE OUTER PLY** of Extra Heavy Sea Island Cotton Specially Woven for Strength and Durability.

**THE FIRST TREAD REINFORCEMENT**—Heavily frictioned, is of such sturdy weave as to withstand all ordinary puncture dangers, and fortifies the tread.

**THE SECOND TREAD REINFORCEMENT**—Saturated with Cohesive Cement, supplies additional strength to the tread, insuring its stability.

**THE INNER PLY**—Of coarse Duck Weave Cotton fabric thoroughly impregnated with high-grade friction cement.

**THE TUBE**—Of thick Rubber, mainly Up-river Para, of which the finest Tires are made.

The Tread and the several Plies are successively built upon the tube, united by extra strong Friction and vulcanized into one Homogeneous Tire.



### IT STRIKES ME

that "Good Service" is a mighty good name for a bicycle tire and this tire must be as good as its name. I am afraid to tell you how many "Good Service" tires the Diamond Edge Emporium really sells, because I fear you would think I was stringing you. They must give splendid satisfaction for the demand for them is increasing steadily. We sell them under a season's guarantee and mighty few of them ever come back. If you want a good, first class bicycle tire I suggest that you get next to the "Good Service."

M. K.

**"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"**



## The Gimlet



### *You will need Roasters*

We have an extremely large line of Roasters and can fill your orders promptly.

	Per Dozen
No. 18F —18-inch Shamrock Enameled.....	\$33.00
No. 20F —20-inch Shamrock Enameled.....	36.00
No. 18B —18-inch Blue Diamond Enameled.....	40.00
No. 20B —20-inch Blue Diamond Enameled.....	44.00
No. 18L —18-inch Thistle Enameled.....	33.00
No. 20L —20-inch Thistle Enameled.....	36.00
No. 18BB—18-inch Blue Belle Enameled.....	33.00
No. 20BB—20-inch Blue Belle Enameled.....	36.00

#### USUAL TRADE DISCOUNT

Illustrations and prices on our complete line of Roasters sent upon request.

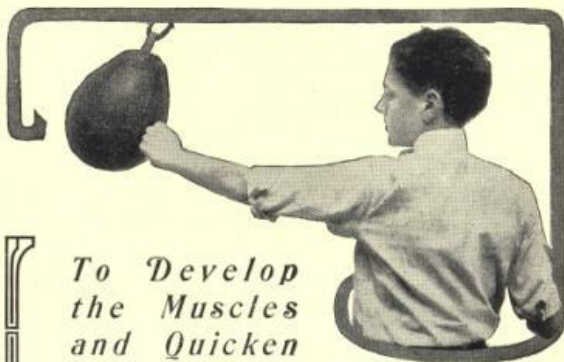
#### DON'T IT MAKE YOUR MOUTH WATER

to look at the picture of a Roaster? Just think of the good, old Turkey Dinner we will be having about Thanksgiving time. When it comes to roast turkey or goose I am certainly there with both feet. Now say, brothers, don't all send me an invitation to Thanksgiving dinner at once. You had better get in your stock of Roasters right away. I understand that we carry fifteen or twenty different kinds. Just specify on your order how much you want to pay and we will give you the best in the shop at the price.

M. K.

*"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"*





*To Develop  
the Muscles  
and Quicken  
the Eye, try Punching the Bag*

All the leading physical directors recommend bag punching for boys and young men. It brings into play all the muscles of the body. Thirty minutes a day—fifteen in the morning and fifteen at night—will work wonders in the development of any young man. The bag illustrated is a good, sensible, serviceable one, equipped with a fine rubber bladder, and will last practically a lifetime.

No. 8—Striking Bags, complete, with bladder, suspending cord, etc. - Per dozen, \$28.00

*Usual Trade Discount*

**I DON'T NEED A PUNCHING BAG**

to develop my muscles. Looking after my teams, cleaning up the wagons, not to mention handling boxes of bolts, kegs of nails and barbed wire, is enough to give anybody muscles. But if you sit down all day and don't get much exercise it would be a good thing for you to get a striking bag, put it in your room and take a turn at it twice a day. It will quicken your blood and make you step lively.

M. K.

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## The Gimlet



**Diamond Edge**  
**SCISSORS**  
**AND SHEARS**

The extraordinary as well as the common every-day patterns are made in the **Diamond Edge** brand. We have more than a hundred kinds and sizes to select from. All salesmen carry samples. Mail orders filled promptly.

### DURING THE HOLIDAY SEASON

one of the best selling items in the cutlery line is scissors and shears. They make splendid Christmas presents and especially scissors and shears in sets. We have a large assortment put up in fancy cases. If you are interested just drop us a line and our Mail Order Department will send literature and prices

P. D. Q. M. K.

***"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"***

## Norleigh Diamond Sewing Machines

This is our best machine. It is strictly high-grade.

For mechanical exactness, ease of operation, simplicity of adjustment, and reliability it has no superior.



For good looks and salability it is without a rival. If you are interested in sewing machines it will pay you to investigate the Norleigh Diamond line. Catalogue sent upon request.

No. D7.—Like illustration; each, \$40.00

USUAL TRADE DISCOUNT.

### THIS NORLEIGH DIAMOND LINE

of sewing machines is certainly a swell looking one and I understand they do mighty fine work. Are you handling sewing machines or does the dry goods store in your town get the sewing machine business? There is nothing complicated about a sewing machine and it certainly belongs to the hardware line. Why not order a sample of this No. D7 machine and try your luck?

M. K.

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## The Gimlet



### DOES THIS DISPLAY STAND APPEAL TO YOU?

We give this stand and a complete window display outfit absolutely free to all purchasers of a case (48) of Good Morning Alarm Clocks. The best \$1.00 clock made.

Price of Clocks in case lots ..... each, \$1.02  
In less than case lots ..... each, 1.06

Usual trade discount.

### MAYBE YOU FIND IT HARD TO GET UP!

If you do, just try one of these Good Morning Alarm Clocks, they sure will wake you up. After taking it easy for so long I found it necessary to buy one of these Good Morning Clocks to get me up on time. And let me tell you, brothers, this display stand and window outfit that the "Diamond Edge" emporium gives with a case of "Good Mornings" make an attractive window. Why not send in an order for a case and get a complete outfit?  
M. K.

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# The Gimlet



NAME REGISTERED

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR  
HARDWARE BOSSES AND THEIR CLERKS

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Vol. V

SEPTEMBER, 1912

No. 8

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Address all Communications to  
MIKE KINNEY, Teamster and Editor  
c/o NORVELL-SHAPLEIGH HARDWARE CO.  
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Subscription Price — — — — 10 Cents per Annum

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## A MOTOR TRIP AMONG THE CHÂTEAUX OF THE LOIRE.

By MIKE KINNEY, Teamster and Editor.

*Being a brief account of a little journey made by Clémentine, Carmencita, and the Editor of The Gimlet, in a "petrol" wagon to the château district of Southern France.*

**C**LÉMENTINE was the official conversationalist of the party; Carmencita was the photographer, and the editor does the heavy historical literary act. This will be the last number of *The Gimlet* on foreign travel. Future numbers will discuss questions nearer home. The teamster and editor also promises

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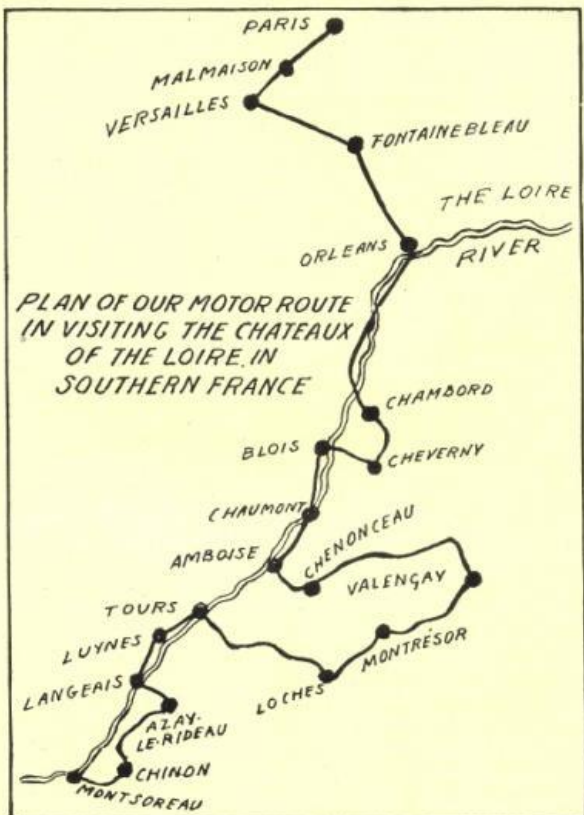
his readers to try to catch up and to get out each future number of *The Gimlet* in its proper month, before starting on Volume VI., which begins with February, 1913.

There is something exciting about preparing for a long motor trip under *ordinary* conditions, but just think of the excitement of getting ready to leave Paris for a journey, by motor, of some 800 miles in the Province of Touraine—the garden spot of France! In this number of *The Gimlet*, in my humble, ordinary, common sort of way, I am going to tell you something about this trip. I shall not attempt to tell you all about it because to do that would fill several volumes. I also regret that because of lack of space we cannot illustrate all of the places we visited nor all of the wonderfully interesting things we saw.

We left our large trunks in Paris, but bought a little motor trunk, which, together with our dress suit cases, was carefully strapped on the top of our *limousine*. When our "petrol" wagon came around to the hotel bright and early one Monday morning, we were surprised to see that instead of being an open touring car it was a *limousine*. We learned afterwards that most of the long touring in France is done—by the Knowing Ones—in these closed cars. The *limousines* are made very strong and all of the baggage is placed on the top. Of course these *limousine* cars could not be used for long tours except in a country where the roads were almost perfect. The open cars are very delightful in good weather, but in our *limousine* we continued our journey in comfort and in luxury on many a stormy, rainy day.

We were, of course, all fitted out with the usual automobile togs; but when Clémentine brought forth a large square wicker tea basket containing knives, forks, plates, cakes, tea, milk and water, not to mention an *alcohol stove*, we had a good

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laugh at her expense. Clémentine, you know, has become Anglicized. Afterwards, however, on many occasions, in superbly beautiful surroundings, in the late afternoon we stopped the machine, got out the tea basket and had our tea and cakes just like regular English tourists. Often the inhabitants of the surrounding country would fill in the background and gaze at us with wide-open eyes. Even our French chauffeur finally got into the habit of drinking tea.

Now, my dear reader, please remember that I am dictating this article very rapidly—without any notes—from memory. It is my desire to make this light reading; to simply give you an impressionistic, but truthful and correct, account of this motor trip which will never be forgotten by any of our little party.

We left Paris by way of the Bois de Boulogne. Our first stop was to be the Château of Malmaison. This is near St. Cloud. On our way we passed the great Arc de Triomphe, which was illustrated in the last *Gimlet*, and then for a long distance ran under the overhanging trees of the Bois. We arrived at Malmaison about noon and enjoyed luncheon at a little cafe just outside the grounds of the château. It was one of those bright, dreamy, lazy days of midsummer, and as we ate, chatted and took lessons in French from Clémentine, wasps buzzed around us in the rays of the sunlight that came through between the leaves of the trees and fell in bright spots upon the white tablecloth.

Malmaison was a favorite retreat and resting place of Napoleon. It was here that Josephine came after the divorce and spent her declining years. She lies buried in a small church near by.

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## The Gimlet



Château de la Malmaison.—  
Trône de Napoléon I<sup>er</sup>.

Malmaison has been restored so it looks exactly the same now as in the days when Napoleon walked up and down its graveled paths, in deep meditation, with bowed head and hands clasped behind his back. Here we saw the little jointed iron folding bed in which Napoleon died at St. Helena. We were also shown

his camp table and camp chairs, and even the candlesticks that he carried with him on his campaigns.

We saw the room in which Josephine died; the actual bed—the bed coverings—the bed curtains—the frame containing a piece of half-finished embroidery—her toilet articles. The room looks as if Josephine had departed from it just an hour or two ago. We also saw a large collection of gifts—caskets, etc.—that had been presented to Napoleon by various cities, nations and crowned heads. Malmaison is very small. It has more the appearance of a home than of a palace. We felt nearer to Napoleon and Josephine here in this little château than in any of the other great palaces we visited in following in the footsteps of their wonderful careers.

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Over a hilly country late in the afternoon we continued our journey to the great Château of Versailles. We arrived in the evening and stopped at the Hotel des Reservoirs. This hotel was formerly the home of one of the king's mistresses—I believe it was Madame de Maintenon—and we were told that it had been little changed since her day. The chandeliers in the dining room were particularly beautiful. At this hotel we dined and spent the first night of our journey. It was very quiet here, the air was pure, and before partaking of a delightful dinner we walked into the park of the château, and sitting silently on one of the benches we looked far away across lakes and terraces and watched the sun set, just as Louis XIV., at the height of his splendor, with all of his court around him, sat in this same place and watched the sun go down in its unrivaled glory—so many years ago.

The château and grounds of Versailles are the largest in existence. Here you see the culmination of the ambition of kings to have the greatest palace in the world, surrounded by the most wonderful grounds. These grounds were laid out by the celebrated landscape gardener, Le Notre. There are miles and miles of walks and gardens. Nearly all of the walks are shaded by overhanging trees. Here and there are open places where you find lovely fountains and marble and bronze statuary.

On the morning of the second day of our journey we went through the château, visiting the ball rooms, audience chambers and bedrooms of the kings of France. Here there is also a great collection of historical paintings.

Then in the afternoon we hired a boat and rowed over to the Petit Trianon. This is a little palace that the kings and their immediate friends used when they desired

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Château de la MALMAISON (Seine-et-Oise). (Ancienne résidence de l'Empereur Napoléon 1<sup>er</sup> et de l'Impératrice Joséphine.) Façade Est.



Château de la MALMAISON (Seine-et-Oise). (Ancienne résidence de l'Empereur Napoléon 1<sup>er</sup> et de l'Impératrice Joséphine.) Chambre à Coucher de l'Impératrice Joséphine où elle mourut en 1814.

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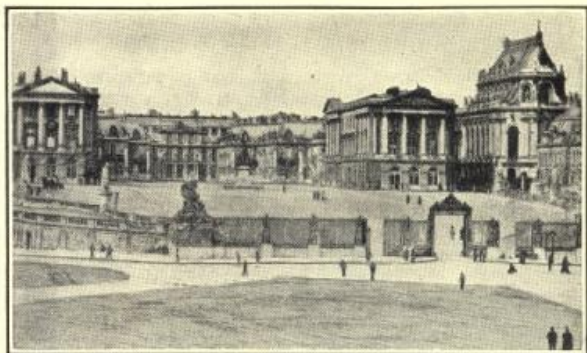
## The Gimlet

to get away from the formalities of their great courts. We also visited a larger palace called The Trianon, and near this, deep in the woods, we walked to what is called The Hamlet. It was here that poor Marie Antoinette and her friends played at the simple life. They were weary of the grandeur of the court. Jean Jacques Rousseau had written about the joys of the love of nature and of the simple life, and here the queen and her gay company of ladies and gentlemen built their farm houses, and in these lovely surroundings played at being farmers and farmers' wives. As one stands here by the lake and listens to the singing of the birds and the sound of the breeze as it waves the leaves of the trees, he would be hard-hearted indeed if he did not feel a pang of sympathy for this beautiful queen who played here like an innocent child, not knowing the terrible end for her and her weak husband, Louis XVI., that fate held in store.

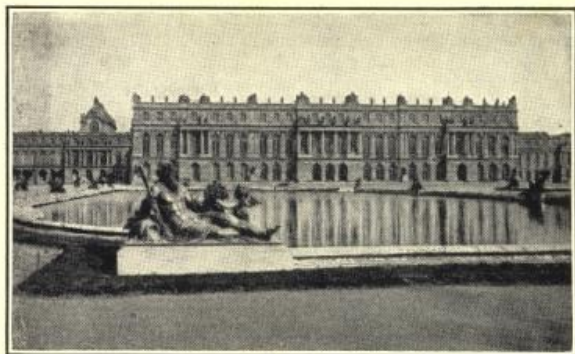
With a sigh of regret we waved farewell to Versailles, and set out for our next stop, which was Fontainebleau. You of course know it was at Fontainebleau that Napoleon abdicated. Here they show the table at which he sat—with a scratch in the center of it, which they tell you was made by his pen—when he signed his name to his abdication. In the courtyard of this château was enacted that dramatic scene where Napoleon, with tears streaming from his eyes, put his arms around the flags of the Old Guard and bade them and his soldiers farewell, just before setting sail for Elba. Fontainebleau has been carefully restored. All the rooms are furnished. Here you can see the magnificence in which the old rulers of France lived. The student of interior decoration will be especially interested in this chateau. There are

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Façade du Palais de Versailles



Palais de Versailles—Façade côté de la Terrasse

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also many examples of splendid work in tapestry, carpets and furniture.

Eut Fontainebleau conveys to one a sense of being modern. When you leave for Orleans you are bidding farewell to modern times. You must now prepare your mind to go far back into the past and live among people you have only thought of in distant America as the characters in fairy tales.

That afternoon we reached the town of Orleans. How clean it was! How quiet and restful the people seemed to be! In the great cathedral we studied beautiful modern stained glass windows depicting scenes in the life of Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans. The cathedral in Orleans is very beautiful and it is in a remarkable state of preservation; it does not look as battered up as most of the other cathedrals we have seen. In the main square of the town of Orleans is a bronze equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc. She is on horseback, in full armor. I admired her figure very much, but as a teamster I was disgusted with the anatomy of the horse. Why is it that sculptors in producing equestrian statues do not take the time and trouble to call in someone who is an expert in horseflesh and get his opinion? This horse was a joke. But, on the other hand, the base of the statue was surrounded by reproductions, in relief, of many of the battles in which Jeanne d'Arc was engaged. Every little figure was worked out in the minutest detail. From these bronze tablets one could see just how a city was stormed and taken in the Middle Ages.

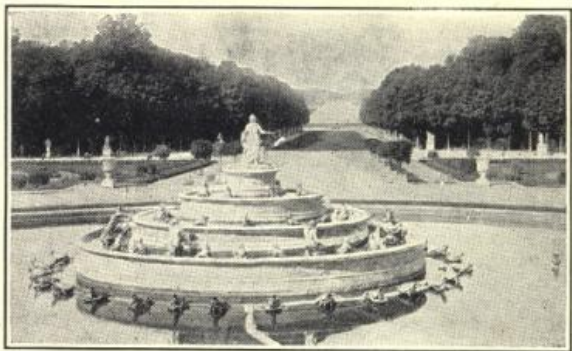
We spent the night in Orleans, and the next morning bright and early we set out for the Château of Chambord. Our road lay over a flat country. Occasionally a dignified pheasant would slowly strut across the road in front of us.

Suddenly our chauffeur stopped the machine

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Palais de Versailles—Galerie des Batailles



Parc de Versailles—Bassin de Latone

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and pointed over the tops of the trees. There was a sight lovely enough to have been taken from the Arabian Nights—a huge mass of chimneys, towers and turrets, all in white, all of carved stone. They were the towers of Chambord. This château is inhabited, and we were allowed to see only a small part of it. One of its most interesting features, next to the roof effect, was a winding stairway cut in stone. This stairway—or escalier, as the French would say—is so constructed that one person can go up the stairs and another go down without either one seeing the other.

Lunch time found us in the little town of Cheverny. Here we indulged in a private dining room. While Clémentine was continuing our instruction in French after luncheon, a tall, handsome priest entered the room and bowed to the ladies. Seeing that Clémentine was our preceptress in French, he addressed her. He inquired if he could have the honor of showing us the chateau. He said there had just been a death in the family and the owners had departed that morning, but as he saw that we were Americans and as he was intrusted with the keys, he would be pleased to show us over the château and the grounds.

The Chateau of Cheverny was not especially remarkable, nor were the grounds, but our guide—the curé—was. How much there is in personality! As I do not speak French I could not understand much that he said, but this priest in this small town has the manners of a nobleman. Then, too, he was so proud of Cheverny. He showed us an avenue of trees and informed us that they were very old, but unfortunately for Cheverny, we had seen vast avenues of trees in many other parts of the world. The

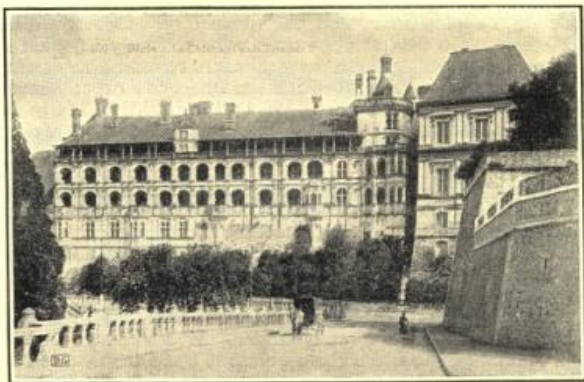
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priest wore a black shovel hat and a long, black, silky rope. Around his waist was carelessly knotted a sash. But this man walked with the grace of an athlete. Even in the black robes of a priest his presence was picturesque and commanding, while his voice and manner were very gentle. I must admit that not only Clémentine and Carmencita, but even an old hardened sinner like myself, fell in love with this gentlemanly priest of Cheverny. When we departed I pressed upon him a little money for the poor. I was careful to have Clémentine explain that it was not in any sense a reward for his services, but just a gift from some traveling Americans to the poor of his parish—"For ye have the poor with you always." When this was made clear to him he expressed the grateful acknowledgments of *les pauvres*.

It is a far cry from our home to Cheverny, but through the space of intervening plains, mountains



BLOIS—Le Château, façade François I<sup>er</sup>

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and rolling ocean waves to the sunny fields of Touraine, we send back greetings to the gentle priest of Cheverny. We at least hope our little party did not lessen the high opinion he expressed of Americans, and I am inclined to believe that the good priest will not soon forget the lively conversation of Clémentine or the expressive dark eyes of Carmencita.

That night we slept at Blois. The Château of Blois is replete with historical memories. It was at this château that the king reassembled the States-General of 1576 and 1588. With the latter, the most tragic event in the history of Elois is connected. Henry III., afraid of the power and ever-growing popularity of the Duc de Guise, had him assassinated almost under his very eyes, on December 23d, 1588. At the same time he had his brother, the Cardinal de Lorraine, thrown into a dungeon, where he was murdered the next day. Catherine de Medicis, who was at that time very seriously ill, died a few days later. These two murders remain a mournful souvenir of the château which the kings of France henceforth abandoned. Louis XIII. had his mother, Marie de Medicis, shut up here, but she succeeded in escaping after being in captivity for two years.

We reproduce a number of pictures of Blois, and if you will study them closely you will no doubt be impressed with the beauty of the architecture and the delicacy of the stone carving. In the courtyard of the château there is a wonderful staircase carved in stone. This was built in the reign and under the direction of Francois I. All through the château district you see the work of Francois. His emblem was a salamander. Everywhere in the Châteaux of the Loire this emblem is to be seen carved in stone over the doorways, and it is also used in the decorations of the chambers. The motto which went with the

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salamander was, "*Nutrisco et extinguo.*" which being interpreted means, *I protect and I annihilate.*

That the workmen of the sixteenth century were not without a sense of humor is indicated by some of the gargoyles, one of these, which we illustrate, representing a frog evidently singing a sentimental love ditty.

An interesting room in wood paneling, decorated in gold, was that used by Catherine de Medicis. Our illustration shows several of her secret cabinets in the wall with the doors open. In these cabinets the gentle Catherine kept the poisons with which it was her custom to dispose of her enemies. It was also interesting for us to note in our travels that some of these monarchs, like Catherine, who were the most bloodthirsty, were also, to all outward appearances, devoutly religious. Next to her bedroom we saw Catherine's private oratory. I wonder if in this oratory she ever prayed for the departed souls of her victims?

From Blois we motored along the lovely banks of the Loire. The air was so fragrant with the scent of flowers, the river flowed so gently, the fields everywhere were so green, the people we met on the road were so courteous and cheerful, that we could scarcely believe some of the terrible stories we heard from the guides at the châteaux of "man's inhumanity to man" could be true. The Province of Touraine is called the garden spot of France. When we were there the grape crop was just ripening; we saw grape vines everywhere. If you believe, brother, that human nature is not improving, if you believe that the world is not growing better, then just travel in Southern France, and compare conditions surrounding the people to-day with those existing in the Middle Ages.

On our way to Amboise we stopped just for a little while at the Château of Chaumont. In studying the châteaux,

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you must remember that there has been a development in château building. In the early days these châteaux were strong fortresses; strength was of more importance than beauty. But as time rolled on and as the country became more safe, the forms of the châteaux changed. Instead of being strong fortresses they developed into graceful palaces. It is interesting to observe, however, that many of the old fortress ideas were still brought out even in the more delicate architecture of the beautiful palaces. It is hard for a man to escape from his environment, it is difficult for him to break with precedent, but it is charming to note how the more progressive architects of so many years ago used the eye of the artist and the hand of the artisan in moulding things of beauty out of what had been in the past architectural forms created by stern necessity.

Amboise well represents the transition period from the fortress to the palace. Note in the illustration the strong defensive tower in the foreground and the delicate architectural effects of the château in the background. Time and space will not permit of our going into the histories of all these châteaux, but let us pause a moment to trace the history of one or two of the more important:

Amboise existed in the fourth century, at the time when St. Martin pulled down at this place a pyramid-shaped temple. Clovis and Alaric held a famous interview here. In 1434 Charles VII., by confiscation, added Amboise to the royal domains; and it was from this time that the château really attained historical importance. Louis XI. lived here before shutting himself up in Plessisles-Tours. Charles VIII. was born here in 1470 and died here in 1498. Louis XII. stayed here for some time, and Francois I. spent here a portion of his youth with his mother. It was here in 1539 that Francois I. received at the château a visit from Emperor Charles V., of Spain.

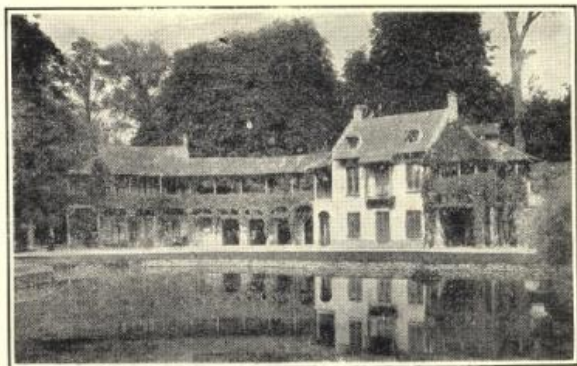
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Palais de Versailles—Petit Trianon



Parc du Petit Trianon—La Maison du Seigneur

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In 1560 the Protestants, alarmed at the ascendancy of the Guises over the young king, Francois II., conceived a plot to take the Guises prisoners, to remove the king to Blois, and to hand over the government to the Bourbons, who would convene the States-General. The moving spirit in this famous "conjunction" was the Prince de Conde, but the ostensible leader was La Renaudie, a Perigordian nobleman. Warned in time, the Guises hastened to leave Blois and brought the young king to Amboise, where any attempt by surprise was less to be feared. The conspirators, not discouraged by this check, nevertheless marched upon Amboise. The Duc de Guise, with a strong patrol, attacked and beat them in detail. La Renaudie was shot dead near Châteaurenault. The Guises thought all danger past and proclaimed a general amnesty, which, however, was almost immediately revoked, for on March 19th, a final rally of the "conjures" attempted to seize the town. The fighting recommenced, and Conde, who had gone over to the Court party (either with a view of averting suspicion, or of assisting the Huguenots), found himself obliged to steep his sword in the blood of his vanquished and disarmed accomplices. The Château of Amboise then became the scene of a frightful massacre. Over 1,500 soldiers were taken prisoners and hanged, some from gibbets, others even from the balcony of the château, which to this day is called the "balcon des Conjures." Driven by the stench of so many dead bodies, the Court hurried away from the scene of these horrors, and the great historical annals of Amboise were brought to a close with this blood-stained page. The kings never returned and the château became a state prison and place of exile for high personages in disgrace.

Of all the chateaux none is more beautiful and fanciful than Chenonceau. This chateau or palace is actually built over the River Cher. At this place there was, in early times, a mill dam, and using this dam as a foundation, in time there

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was built the present château. Chenonceau has had an eventful history. Almost all of its owners have met with misfortune. One of its builders had engraved in the ornaments of the tower this prophetic device: "If completed, remember me." He did not live to see the building completed, and he is remembered for the misfortunes which befell him in his later life.

Henry II. gave Chenonceau to his favorite, Diane de Poitiers, who extended the rear portion of the château over the river. But at the death of the king the beautiful Diane found herself obliged to give Chenonceau to the queen regent, Catherine de Medicis, in exchange for Chaumont. In 1891 Chenonceau was sold to a Mr. Terry, a wealthy American. The restoration of the château, intrusted to the architect Roguet and still incomplete, has already cost more than two million francs.

It was at Chenonceau that we made a mistake. We had read of the great diplomat, Talleyrand, and hearing that he formerly lived at Valencay, we decided to go there. You will note from the map that it was a long detour out of our way. After running at top speed over hill and dale for the better part of an afternoon, we arrived at Valencay only to find that the present owner does not allow visitors to go through the chateau. We therefore looked at it from the outside, turned up our noses, and declared that it *didn't amount to much, anyhow*. You know Talleyrand was that diplomat whom Napoleon characterized as being "a silk stocking full of filth."

From Valencay we made a pleasant run to Loches. We were well tired out that night, and after a good dinner at the little hotel, we soon sought our beds.

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Loches is one of the most interesting of the châteaux because of its historical associations. We devoted almost an entire day to going through its dining halls, bedrooms, and oratories, but we were especially interested in its dungeons and torture chambers. According to tradition, Loches, occupied possibly by the Romans, grew around a monastery founded in the fifth century by St. Ours of Cahors. It was occupied by the Franks after the battle of Vouille, united again to Aquitaine in 630, retaken and pillaged by Pepin and Carloman in 742, it became under Charles the Bald the seat of an hereditary government, which passed by alliance to the Anjou family in 886 and remained in their possession until 1205.

Loches had been given to France in 1193 by John Lackland (afterwards king of England), without informing Richard Coeur de Lion, who seized it on his return from the Crusade in 1194. In 1204 Philippe Auguste laid siege simultaneously and for nearly a year both to Chinon and Loches. After having recovered the latter town, he gave it as a fief to Dreux de Mello, Constable of France.

The Chateau of Loches subsequently became a state prison and royal residence. From time to time Charles VII. sojourned here with Agnes Sorel, whose tomb was erected in the Chapter-house. Louis XI. enlarged and perfected the prisons. Marie de Medicis, having escaped from Blois, fled to Loches on February 23d, 1619, and the Duc d'Epemon, governor of the château, supplied her with the means to reach Angouleme.

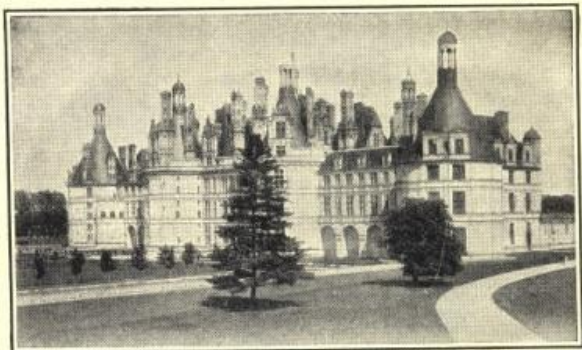
I am sure that the guides at Loches have formed a union. We were met at the entrance by a young girl of about sixteen years of age, with a peaches-and-cream complexion, who showed us through the château part. Of course when we finished we had to give her a tip. Then, instead of showing us any farther, she turned us over to

*(Continued on Page 481)*

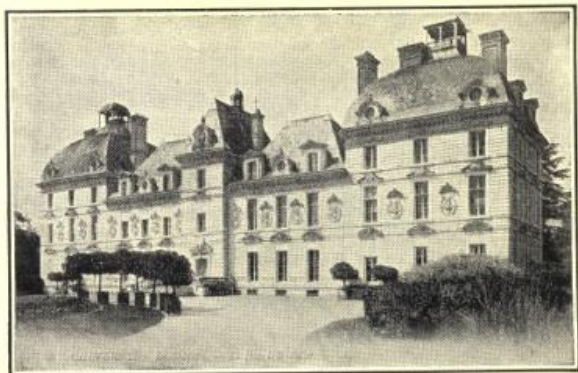
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CHAMBORD.—Le Château.—Façade Septentrionale.



CHEVERNY.—Le Château.—La Façade Sud-Est.

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The Gimlet

## IMPORTANT.

What are YOU going to do about Parcels Post?

This country will have a Parcels Post with a zone system, and it will go into effect on January 1, 1913.

The Parcels Post system in its present form is not against the interests of the *live, intelligent, up-to-date retail merchant*. It is, of course, against the interests of all *dead ones*. The somnolent shopkeeper in these United States will in the near future take a quick shoot on the "greased plank that tilts outward." If you are a merchant who expects to do business without any effort on your part, if you expect everything to be passed to you on a silver tray, you will soon get a hard swat from the Parcels Post where it will do you the *most good*.

We have a practical plan for turning the new Parcels Post system to the advantage of every merchant who sells our lines of goods. This plan is the biggest thing that we have ever pulled off in any line. It is bigger than that Remington gun deal which caused so much excitement in the trade. Are you sufficiently alive to want to know about it? If you are, simply write us to send our salesman. He will explain it to you. This is not a scheme to sell you a line of goods. That is not the idea. This is *a plan to help you sell to your customers the goods you now have on your shelves*.

We cannot tell you about this plan in a letter. We will not even write about it in *The Gimlet*. This idea is for the benefit of our customers and ourselves. In order to keep it away from your competitors and our competitors just as long as possible, we have only told it—in confidence—to our own salesmen, and we have instructed them to pass the idea along to you by word of mouth.

If you are interested, write us and we will advise our salesman to call on you and give you the *"high sign."*

When our salesman calls, ask him to tell you his little story. Ask him to read to you or allow you to read a pocket pamphlet we have sent him, outlining this plan.

Now this is a matter that will require *quick action*. January 1st, 1913, and Parcels Post will be here almost before you realize it. *We want you to be ready to take advantage of the new system*. See our salesman. If he does not call, write us and we will instruct him to see you. Don't forget that *the wise merchant is the fellow who grabs the lemon when it is passed to him, adds a little water and sugar and makes lemonade out of it*.

Yours fraternally,

Mike Kinney

Teamster and Editor.

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# Have You Seen Our New Auto Inner Tube?

**F**OR several months we have been hard at work on a line of Automobile Casings and Inner Tubes. We are now ready to make deliveries on Tubes—Casings we will tell you about in a later issue.

We have named this tube

## *Good Service*

How do you like that for a name?

All of you who have been selling Good Service Bicycle Tires know how good we build them. They are better and more favorably known than any other brand on the market. Our Good Service Auto Inner Tube in quality is entirely in keeping with the high standard we have maintained on Good Service Bicycle Tires. These tubes in quality will be found equal in every way to the well-known extensively advertised factory brands. We guarantee every tube to be perfect in workmanship and material.

Not only do we give you a quality tube, one you can push and stand behind, but we put it out in such an attractive package that it immediately appeals to the buyer and generates in him a feeling of confidence, thereby making it easier for you to make a sale. Just turn over to the next page and take a look at our method of packing.

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# This Is What a Good Service When You Open Up the P

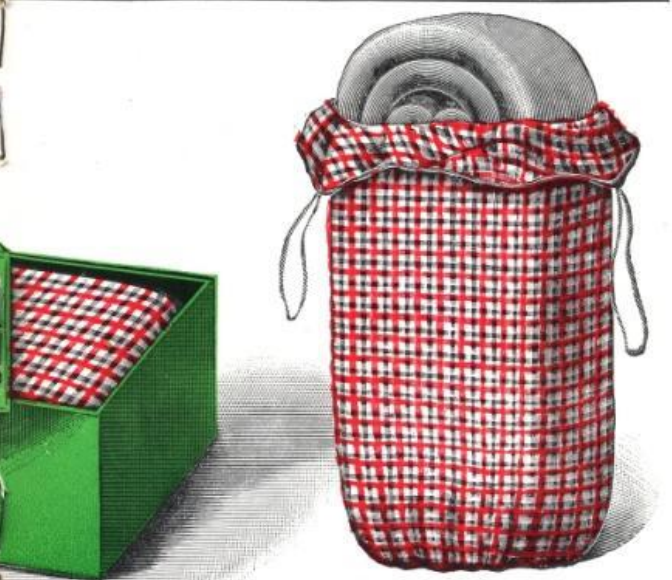


MADE IN



The Gimlet

**Ice Auto Tube Looks Like  
Package—Attractive, Isn't It?**



**34 x 4**

ALL SIZES.

(OVER)

## **The Gimlet**

# **Did it Look Good to You?**

**E**VERY package looks just as good as the picture—we think a little better. When you put the tube on your auto don't you think your little girl would like to have the bag to put her doll dresses in or perhaps use it to carry her books or lunch to and from school—and then wouldn't your son think it dandy for a skate bag, for tops, marbles, etc.?

Of course, we did not put the bag around the tubes to attract the youngsters, but at the same time don't you think this bag will make every boy and girl a booster for Good Service Tubes? The bag is used to protect the tube from dirt, dust and oils—the great tube destroyers—also to keep it properly folded until ready for use.

## ***Are You Interested?***

If you handle auto supplies we have a tube proposition that will make you money.

If you are a hardware dealer and do not handle the line, get busy. Put in a line of sundries, clean up some nice profit and draw the automobile owner to your store.

We want to talk it over with you. Just drop us a line and we will have our salesman call, or, if you prefer, we will tell you our story by mail.

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another guide who took us through the chapel. When she had finished she passed us on to another guide, who took us over to the dungeon. By this system you see the traveler is relieved of three tips. But we saw so many wonderful things, and our guides were so young and attractive, and were so polite in not laughing at our broken French, that we did not mind the small tips we gave them.

I am sorry that we have no pictures of Loches to reproduce. When I started to write this article I went through my collection of pictures and found that both those of Loches and of Fontainebleau were missing.

It seems that almost every king who cut much of a dash in the Middle Ages had a lady friend, and he depended very much upon this friend for counsel and advice. France has really been ruled by women all through its history, and to-day the women of France are still running France, because everywhere the woman presides at the cash drawer. Every good Frenchman when he marries appoints his wife his cashier for life, and if any money has ever gotten out of a French family, except for value received, I have never heard of the incident. At Versailles there was a long line of beautiful French women who influenced the king—Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Pompadour and others of lesser note, too numerous to mention. Then, at Chenonceau, there was lovely Diane de Poitiers; and here at Loches we stood in a tower and looked down upon a long inscription outlining the many virtues of the beautiful Agnes Sorel. Agnes also had her figure cut in marble, and the artist 'way back in the Middle Ages rose

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to his opportunity and reproduced her features with a sympathetic touch.

But it was the dark, dripping dungeons and the torture chambers of Loches that made the deepest impression upon our memories. Notwithstanding all these horrors, there was a touch of humor. Over the entrance of one of the cells a prisoner had ironically written this invitation: "Enter, Gentlemen, into the house of the King, our Master." In addition, in many cells there could be seen carved in the stone walls lamentations, many very touching, philosophical reflections on adversity, prudence or discretion; and, among others, in the cell occupied by Commynes, the following: "The greatest depth of sorrow is in the remembrance of happier days."

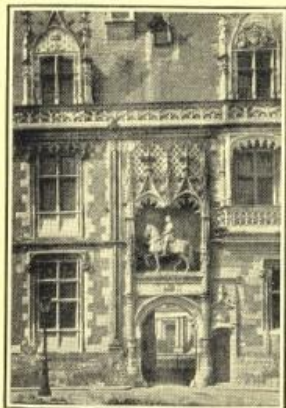
We were shown a dark cell in which two bishops were imprisoned for many years. At a certain hour each day rays of sunlight streamed through a small window and fell for a brief period upon the opposite wall. On this space lighted by the sun the good bishops carved on the wall a rough drawing of an altar and around this altar they outlined the stations of the Cross. Just imagine these two men sitting for hours and hours alone in this silent, dark cell, waiting for the time to come when for once in every twenty-four hours the prison would be lighted for a few moments by the welcome rays of the sun!

In the basement, a round room, ventilated by inadequately small loopholes, contained the famous cage invented during the reign of Louis XI. by Cardinal La Balue, who had the first taste of this cage. It was like an immense bird-cage, and it hung in the center of a large cell. In the upper part of the room there was a small doorway, and it was the custom of Louis XI., when he felt that he needed a little amusing

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BLOIS.—Le Château.—Aile Louis XII.—Le Portail.



BLOIS.—Le Château.—L'Aile François I<sup>er</sup>. La Cheminée de la Salamandre.



BLOIS.—Le Château.—L'Escalier François I<sup>er</sup>.



BLOIS.—Ancienne Gargouille.—La Grenouille.

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entertainment, to come to this doorway and address more or less uncomplimentary remarks to the Cardinal La Balue, who was suspended in the cage.

The walls of the torture chamber were probably four feet thick. It was customary when a prisoner was sentenced to be tortured to place him in a cell improvised in this wall. There was an inside and an outside grating to the cell, but there was no glass or any other protection from the weather. The prisoner was placed between these two gratings and left there to suffer from heat, rain or cold. For his amusement he could watch other prisoners being tortured, knowing that his own time was slowly approaching.

The torturing was done in a simple manner. There were two upright posts about ten feet high and probably ten feet apart. In holes in the top of these posts rested a two-inch iron bar. On this bar slid two instruments which looked something like plow clevises. When a prisoner was to be tortured he was taken up a ladder, placed inside of these two posts, his arms were spread far apart and his wrists locked in these clevises. Then the ladder was removed and he hung suspended with broken wrists until he either confessed his crimes or died. Occasionally for variety they would put the prisoner's feet through the clevises, and in that case, of course, when the support was removed his body dropped and his ankles were slowly broken by his weight.

Another way of slowly torturing a man was to place around his neck an iron collar weighing fifty pounds. This collar was attached to a chain in the wall. The chain was not long enough to allow the prisoner to sit or lie down, so he had to stand with his back to the wall hour after hour supporting his collar, and when he fell from exhaustion he was strangled.

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We might tell of other delicate forms of torture, the implements of which we saw at Loches, but the above will give you a good idea of what the rulers of the Middle Ages did to their enemies.

'Way down in a deep dungeon there was a well. Our guide, who was dressed in the uniform of a French soldier, lowered a light into this well and just above the water we could see a small doorway. It seems that when Loches was besieged and it was necessary to communicate with the outside country, a messenger was secretly taken into this dungeon and lowered down this well. Then through a subterranean passage he went down under the walls of the fortress and came out a long distance away on the edge of a river. It was by means of this secret passage that communication between the fortress and the outside world was kept up even during the time of sieges.

We also saw several cells, without windows, in the floors of which there was an opening. When a prisoner was put into one of these cells and happened to be killed by a fall of forty or fifty feet through this opening, you see his death was an accident. His body would be picked up by the soldiers in the chamber below and thrown into the river flowing outside of the walls.

Loches was certainly a horrible place and it was good to come out of these dungeons into the sunshine again. Clémentine, of course, had been jollyng the French soldier guide. He was a little bit of a fellow, but he walked with his shoulders thrown back and his chin erect. He informed us, through Clémentine, that he had received a medal from the French Government for his work in unearthing new chambers and stairways in the Château of Loches. He insisted on showing us his medal. Clémentine asked to be allowed to take his picture, and he promptly buttoned up his coat and stood at attention while she snapped him.

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But when the film was developed it was found that Clémentine had been quicker than the soldier, for she snapped him not when he was ready, but while both of his hands were engaged in buttoning up his coat.

It is a French characteristic to love glory. All Frenchmen are susceptible to words of appreciation. Clémentine was aware of this national weakness; she knew how to jolly, and as a result, in our travels we always got the best, and I am sure that her bright smile and gentle words were far more efficacious than my tips of silver and copper.

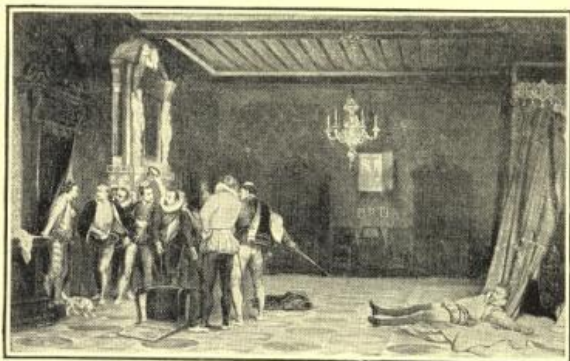
From Loches, over perfect roads, we set out for Tours, and after a little while, in the distance, over the tops of the green trees, we saw the double towers of the cathedral. For several days we made our headquarters in the interesting old town of Tours. We stopped at the Hotel de l'Univers. We secured a most excellent suite of rooms. My room had long French windows, huge mirrors and many luxurious decorations. When I first woke up in the morning it took me some time to decide just who I was and "where I was at." Before I came to the full realization that I was just a common teamster, I might have imagined that I was a king sleeping in one of the many royal bedchambers we had seen.

At the Hotel de l'Univers we lived on the European plan, so on our return to Tours, from motor trips to neighboring châteaux, we would hunt up a different restaurant each evening at which to dine. It was here in Tours that we really found one of those cheap restaurants you read about. The meals at this restaurant were so good, the food so plentiful and of such great variety, and the price charged so low, that we wondered how they could make any money.

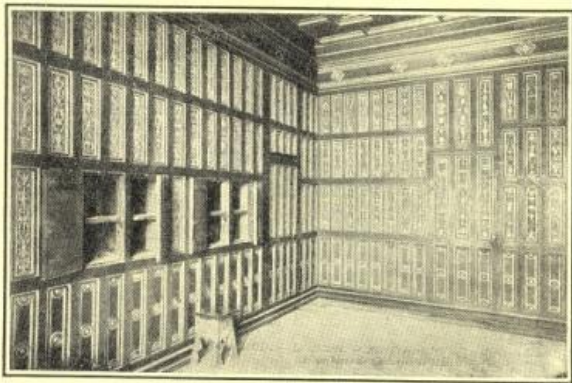
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BLOIS.—Le Château.—L'Assassinat du Duc de Guise.



BLOIS.—La Château.—Aile Francois I<sup>er</sup>.—Les Armoires Secrètes.  
Bibliothèque de Catherine de Médicis.

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Then it was in Tours also that we developed the habit of drinking a champagne of the country called Vouvray. This wine was very cheap and very good, and it bubbled for all the world like wine we have over here at \$5.00 per.

Our rooms were on the second floor of the hotel, and outside of them were balconies on which there were flowers. One evening as I was sitting in my room near the window I happened to glance out and I saw a handsome French army officer, riding a spirited horse, look up and make a formal salute. He also smiled and displayed a set of very fine teeth. I stepped out on the balcony and held up a warning finger to Clémentine and Carmencita on the adjoining balcony. They declared that they *hadn't done a thing*, that this French officer just looked up and saluted them without the slightest provocation. But there was a twinkle in the eyes of Clémentine and there was a twitching of the corners of the mouth of Carmencita that belied their protestations of innocence.

It is said that the best French in France is spoken in the town of Tours. In walking along the streets we met many people from England and America, who have settled in this place. We were told that the living in Tours is very cheap and that the schools are excellent. We were assured that any American lady who has had the misfortune of losing her husband, and who is enjoying for the first time the experience of having a fixed income as a result of his life insurance, can educate her children in Tours and live there with them in comfort for about half what it costs in the United States. The people are honest, the servants are excellent, and wages are exceedingly low. It certainly must be pleasant to be able to rest for six

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months or a year in a place like this. It must be delightful to break away from one's old environment, to have new thoughts, to meet new people, to view new scenes, and not to have to live up to the character—*either good or bad*—with which your fellow citizens have labeled you.

On this journey I happened to meet a man I have known by name and by sight, and whom I have greeted on the streets of my home town, for probably thirty years past. He thought he knew me. I thought I knew him. But when we were thrown together, I was surprised to find that he was not at all the sort of man I had supposed him to be. He confessed to me, when we were about to part, that I was entirely different from the man he had sized me up to be. Isn't it true that all of us think we know certain people, when, as a matter of fact, we do not know them at all? It would be wise for all of us to be just a little slow in forming our opinion of people whom we may meet often, but whom, as a matter of fact, we scarcely know at all.

Our journey is almost ended. From Tours we went to Langeais. This is a regular feudal fortress. A banker in Paris bought the place and then proceeded to restore it and furnish it, making it look just as it did at the time it was occupied in the Middle Ages. It was here that Anne of Brittany was married. The wife and daughter of the late owner still live in the château. The banker, who amused himself in his later years by restoring the building, lies buried on the side of a hill just under the donjon tower.

On the way to Langeais we passed the single tower of Cinq-Mars. This tower is all that remains of the castle of the feudal family of that name. Poor Cinq-Mars! He was a favorite of his king. For a few years he was all powerful. Then he was convicted of treason. He was

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tortured and beheaded. By the order of Cardinal de Richelieu the castle of Cinq-Mars was burned, and to-day, beside the road, in the peaceful valley, stands this lonesome tower—a reminder to passing travelers of the danger of ambition. As I passed this tower and recalled the story of the handsome blond young nobleman, I remembered the saying of my old friend, H. M. Finch, of Austin, Tex., "It's fine to fly, but it's hell to light."

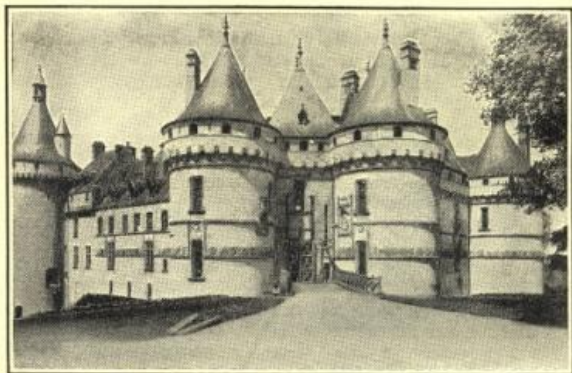
As I looked upon all these strange scenes in foreign lands, it was queer how often I was reminded of old friends at home—people I had not seen for years. It is a good thing to occasionally get away from home—it gives one "perspective."

And then on another trip our machine drew up at the lovely Château of Azay-le-Rideau. This is one of the most beautiful of all the châteaux. Here we see the highest development of the spirit of the artistic château builder. Please note that the frowning battlements have almost disappeared. This château suggests the softer, gentler side of life. Here one imagines lived people who were safe from the ravages of war. Here was the home of music, of poetry and of art. Here men cultivated the amenities and not the asperities of this passing existence. We are told that in this château, in a little room with windows of diamond-shaped glass, Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote one of his books. In these Italian gardens musicians and writers, sculptors and painters, walked together and discussed their works. I suppose they were just as jealous of each other as are the artists of our day, because jealousy seems to be one of the predominant characteristics of the artistic temperament.

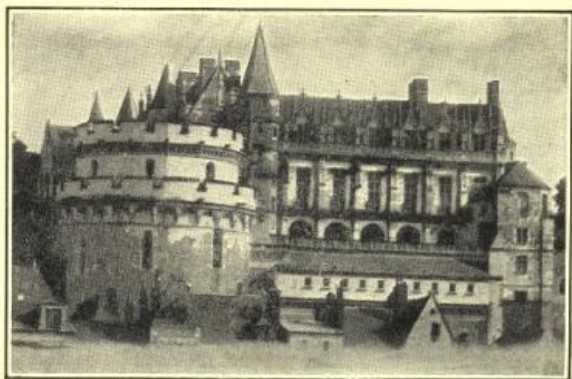
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CHAUMONT.—Le Château.—Façade-Sud-Ouest.



AMBOISE—Le Château.

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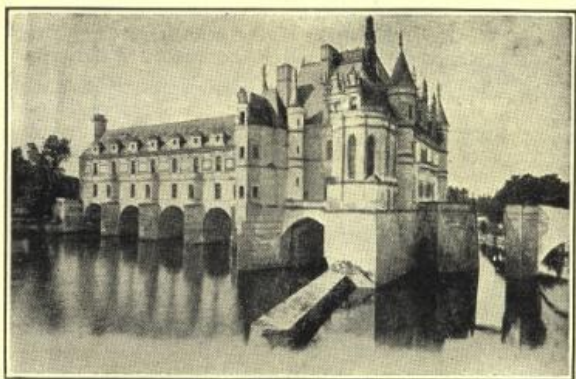
We were becoming just a little weary of looking at chateaux, so we passed Luynes at a distance. This is one of the ancient types of châteaux. It is all towers and battlements. It represents an age that was grappling, not with art, but with the stern realities of warfare.

It was near Luynes that in passing we saw a fine place in the river for swimming. So one day we packed our bathing suits in our grips and astonished our French chauffeur by asking him to stop so that we could take a swim. It certainly was fine sport swimming in the Loire. Frenchmen are not swimmers; they do not seem to be fond of water. I have seen hundreds and hundreds of Frenchmen fishing in the purling streams, but I have never yet seen a Frenchman in bathing. Therefore, I have no doubt that our chauffeur was duly surprised and shocked at our proceedings. But there is one good thing about traveling abroad, and that is one does not mind very much what the neighbors have to say.

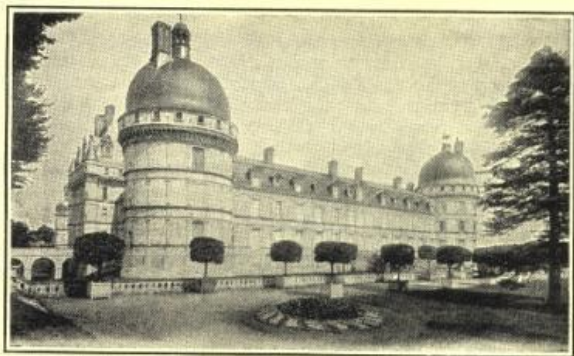
Our journey is drawing to a close, and we finish with Chinon. This huge château, situated on a high hill overlooking the little town of Chinon, is in ruins; it has never been restored, and to me it was far more picturesque and thrilling because we saw its bare walls and its strong towers and turrets just as time had dealt with them.

It was to Chinon that Jeanne d'Arc came to see the king. It was here that they tested her divine powers by asking her to pick out the king from among a number of noblemen. Although she had never seen him before, she immediately pointed to the king, and said, "You are IT—tag," or words to that effect. The king was so much impressed, that he gave her a room in the tower, supplied her with a horse and armor, and from Chinon she set out to relieve Orleans, which was being besieged by the English. So you see on our journey this summer we have visited

*"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"*



CHENONCEAU.—Le Château.—La Façade orientale.



VALENCAY.—Le Château.—Façade occidentale.

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## The Gímlet

Orleans, where the Maid was raised; Chinon, where she first met the king; and we have also been to Rouen, where she was condemned by the church and burned at the stake.

In Chinon, too, we went down winding stairs into dark, damp dungeons far beneath the earth, where human beings have rotted in chains. Again we came out into the sunlight and offered up a silent prayer of thanks that we lived in a happier age.

So here ends the account of our little motor trip in France. Some day I hope that you, too, may make this trip, and that you will have as delightful a time as we had—Clémentine, Carmencita and myself.

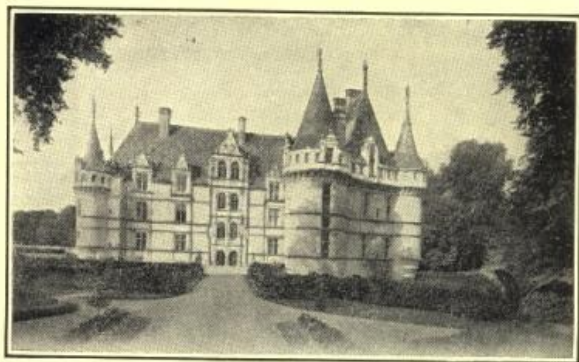
It seems strange to think that Touraine was once owned by the English. All over this beautiful country the contending armies of France and England have fought their battles. Here, also, the Catholic and the Protestant spilled each other's blood in their failure to understand the teachings of a Master who preached that men should love one another.

The kings, the queens and all their noble train are but a memory! The dead of St. Bartholomew, the massacre at Amboise, the torture chambers of Loches, belong to the history of a fierce and cruel age. The land of happy Touraine is to-day owned by the people who till its soil. The smiling, dimpling Loire runs through a peaceful, contented country to the sea. Since the days when these châteaux were built the world has moved onward, and the time will come when no man will carry arms against his neighbor. The French people have justified the French Revolution. Should other tyrants arise they will tremble when they hear *The Marseillaise* rolling from the throats of the populace.

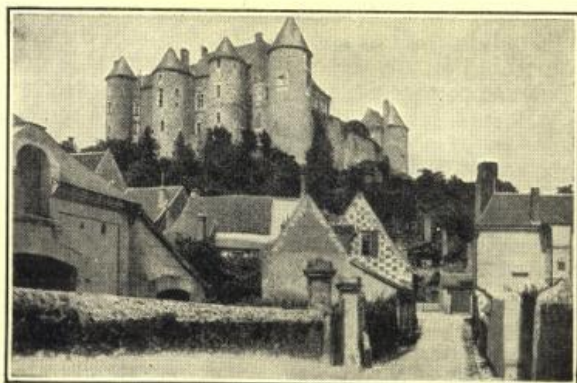
LIBERTÉ! EGALITÉ! FRATERNITÉ!

*"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"*





AZAY-LE-RIDEAU.—Le Château.—La Façade Nord.



ENVIRONS DE TOURS.—Luynes.—Le Château.—  
Façade Sud-Ouest.

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## The Gímlet

### AN OPEN LETTER

Tours, France, August, 1912.

The Stanley Rule and Level Co.,  
New Britain, Conn.

*Dear Brothers:*

**A**S I happen to know that the DIAMOND EDGE emporium carries a full line of The Stanley Rule and Level Company's goods, and buys all of the new articles that you put out just as fast as you put them out, I can't help but write you about a little experience I have had here in Tours.

You know that while my mind, in traveling, is fixed on art and architecture, paintings and châteaux, and on where to get a square meal and a "small bottle" at the lowest price, still there is something in my teamster blood that will not allow me to pass a hardware store without taking a look in. It's just in the red corpuscles of my blood and I can't resist the temptation.

So here in Tours, one day, while Clémentine and Carmencita had gone to a cathedral to look at somebody's sarcophagus or solar plexus, or something of that kind—somebody who passed away in the twelfth century—I just dropped into a hardware store. You can imagine how much at home I felt, when, upon inquiring if they carried any American tools, the polite French clerk dug up your new line of breast drills. This store in this town, 'way down in Southern France, carried a stock of single and double speed drills with steel or iron frames; drills with three-jaw chucks, interlocking, universal or alligator jaws, and a choice of either breast plates or "D" handles.

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## The Gimlet

After I had chatted with him in taxicab French about drills, this clerk brought out No. 171—a very original and unique little tool designed for making mortises for butts, face plates, strike plates, escutcheons, etc. It looked a good deal to me like a “mechanical chisel,” and I should think it would also make a good router plane. The clerk informed me that with each of these planes they send out an attractive little circular printed in French, telling all about it.

Then he reached back on the shelf and pulled down No. 196—a curve rabbet plane. I must admit that I had never seen one of these before. The clerk explained that this plane cuts rabbets on circular or other curved and irregular edges, and that it works equally well whether the rabbet is to be cut on the outside edges of the work or on the edges of openings cut out of the surface of the work. You know it made me dizzy to look at this plane. I wonder who figured it out. I understand that all great inventors land in the “bughouse.” I wonder how many inventors The Stanley Rule and Level Company is supporting in the New Britain asylums.

The clerk then passed me No. 95—an edge trimming plane, designed especially for trimming or smoothing the edges of boards, such as sidings, etc., for a square or close fit. He told me that this plane had “caught on” with the carpenters in Tours, and that the only trouble they were having was in getting enough of them from your general sales agent, Markt & Company, of Paris.

Just at this time I walked Clémentine and Carmencita. They had found the sarcophagus in the cathedral. They said it was shy a nose and a pair of ears, and that both

*“DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE”*

## The Gimlet

feet had been knocked off about the time of the battle of Hastings, but in other respects it was in good condition. I introduced them to the French clerk, and just as soon as Clémentine opened up on him with her boarding school French and Carmencita gave him a smile, he got awfully busy and showed us No. 212—a single handle veneer scraper. He said that they sold quite a number of these because they were designed to be used with one hand and were especially adapted for violin makers and all mechanics requiring a light adjustable scraper.

He remarked to Clémentine that French artisans turn out such beautiful cabinet work, necessitating the use of high grade tools, that STANLEY scrapers had always been good sellers, and that this little No. 212 was only another unit in the long line of scrapers manufactured by you.

Then this enterprising young French clerk, who did not seem to mind trouble at all, showed us corner bit braces and corner ratchet bit braces. Also a new concealed ratchet bit brace No. 901. He said that this brace had all the exclusive and valuable features of the No. 921 brace, but that it differed from the No. 921 in that it was fitted with universal jaws which hold round shank bits and drills from  $\frac{1}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch, and tapered shanks as large as a Clark's No. 2 expansion bit, and on this account was well adapted for both wood and metal workers.

By this time Clémentine and Carmencita were becoming somewhat nervous. They suggested it was 1.00 o'clock, and that we hadn't had anything that morning but a French breakfast. So we bade good-bye to our new-found friend in the hardware store, after taking down his name for a year's subscription to *The Gimlet*.

Carmencita thinks that even when I am traveling my mind wanders back to the hardware

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## The Gimlet

business. What do you think of this charge? I told her it was a pretty good plan for a man never to forget the bridge that carried him over, and that if it hadn't been for Stanley tools and a few other lines of hardware "jewelry," maybe she, Carmencita and myself would not be traveling in a French "petrol" wagon through the château district of Southern France.

With best regards to Messrs. Stanley, Peck, Nichols  
and all the other boys,

Yours fraternally,

Mike Kinney

Teamster and Editor.



*"DIAMOND EDGE IS A QUALITY PLEDGE"*



In answering these want ads, address THE GIMLET, except where special address is given.

\$10,000.00 stock of hardware, furniture, fixtures, in good town in Georgia of 650 inhabitants. Also building for sale. Main building is brick, 30 x 75 feet; and frame warehouse, 20 x 30 feet in rear. Well established business in good, healthy town. Good water and well elevated.

Stock of hardware, furniture and implements, invoicing about \$10,000.00, in Iowa town of 500 inhabitants. Brick building, 41x100 feet; and frame warehouse, 18 x 80 feet, worth \$6,000.00. Will sell stock for cash and balance time, or will just sell the stock and retain the building. Last year's sales, \$5,000.00.

\$12,000.00 stock of general merchandise, in good Arkansas town. Will take about \$7,500.00 to pay off present indebtedness—balance on terms to suit purchaser. Good opportunity for one wanting to locate in live town. Will lease brick building.

\$3,600.00 stock of hardware, paints, oils, glass and enameled wares, etc., in St. Louis, located in West End. Rent cheap—\$47.50 per month. Good reasons for selling.

Stock of hardware invoicing from \$1,200.00 to \$1,500.00, in St. Louis. Fast growing trade. Will trade for clear real estate or sell on any terms, or sacrifice for cash. Owner's reason for selling, unable to give same proper attention.

\$4,000.00 stock of general hardware, merchandise, etc., in good Oklahoma town. Best proposition for anything of its size in the country. Stock will turn itself four times in year the way trade has been going and it has been a poor year.

Stock of hardware located in good town in Iowa. Will invoice from \$9,000.00 to \$11,000.00. Parties own building which can be leased for any length of time. Building has basement and one good room over store. Excellent opportunity and worth investigation.

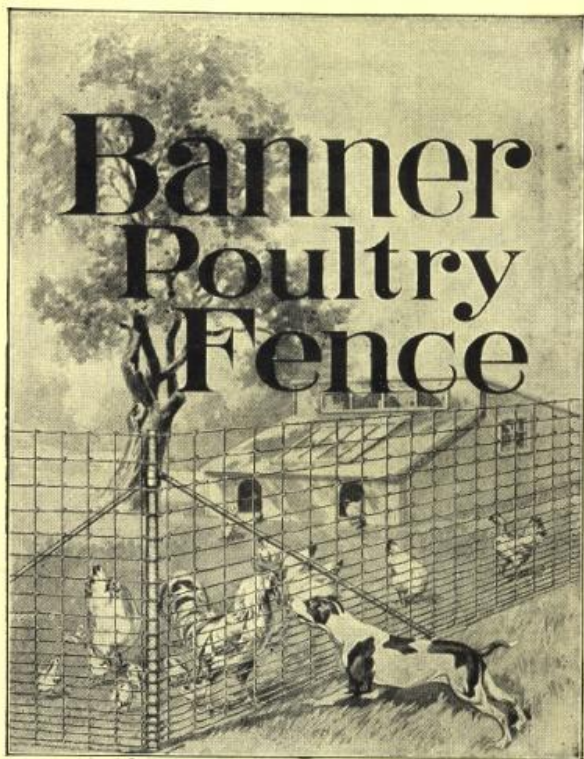
Ten shares of stock in Dallas, Tex., hardware concern. Stock costs \$100.00 per share. Will sell for \$90.00 a share. Good paying proposition, but this party is too far away. Excellent opportunity for parties located in the South.

Complete set of tinner's tools. Bargain for some one.

McCaskey Account Register in first class condition. 420 accounts, besides the A to Z miscellaneous feature. An account system where accounts are balanced to date and with writing. A bargain.

Set of tinner's tools and shop fixtures, including 8-foot brake; 30-inch squaring shear; 30-inch bar folder. In good county seat town of 3,500 population, situated in center of rich farming community in Iowa, where competition is light and a good tinner can always be busy. Reason for selling, leaving the State.

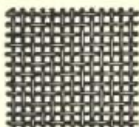
McCaskey Account Register holding 100 accounts, also alphabet. Is in fine condition; good as new. Will take half the cost.



We offer exceptional value in this good fence. Substantially made, close mesh, strong, durable, handsome. Well advertised, popular. We will back the DEALER as well as the PURCHASER. Write for our literature and our proposition.

**AMERICAN STEEL AND WIRE COMPANY**

72 W. ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO



## Clinton Wire Cloth

**W**e make many different kinds of Wire Cloth.

We can furnish any mesh from any kind or size of wire.

We carry the largest stock of all the standard grades handled by the Hardware trade, and can ship orders for same at sight.

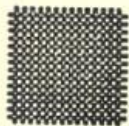
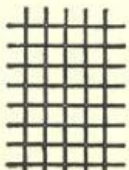
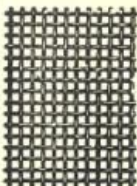
Quality and Finish unsurpassed and guaranteed.

*SEND FOR PRICES*

**CLINTON WIRE  
CLOTH CO.**

**CLINTON, MASS.**

Boston      New York  
Chicago   San Francisco







## **CORBIN CABINET PADLOCK DISPLAY**

*With Enameled Steel Stock Cabinet*

**ASSORTMENT No. 800**

This is a new idea in padlock display. The enameled steel cabinet will last indefinitely, always looks good, can be cleaned with a damp cloth and kept like new. Displays twelve padlocks, has shelves in back to hold stock. Assortment consists of five dozen assorted padlocks to retail at 10c, 15c and 25c each. Size of cabinet  $11\frac{3}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$  inch base,  $12\frac{3}{4}$  inches high. Suitable for setting on show case or counter.

*Write Your Jobber for Prices.*

**CORBIN CABINET LOCK COMPANY**  
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

CHICAGO

NEW YORK

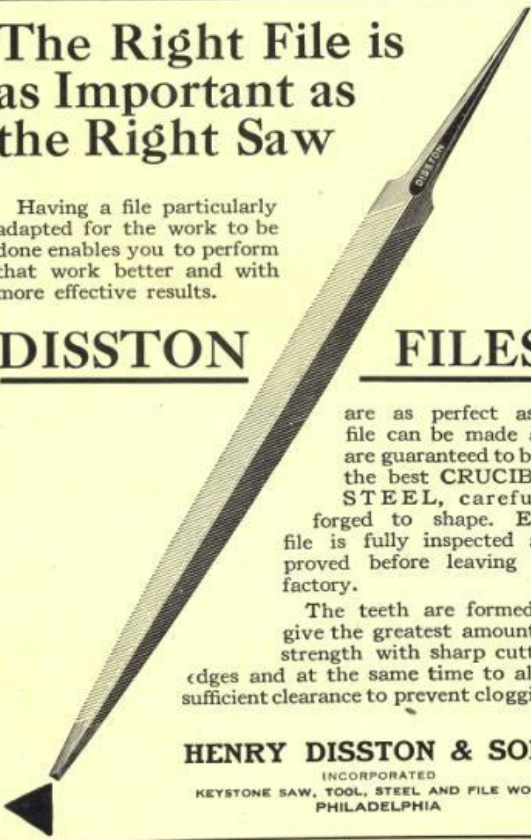
PHILADELPHIA

## The Right File is as Important as the Right Saw

Having a file particularly adapted for the work to be done enables you to perform that work better and with more effective results.

**DISSTON**

**FILES**



are as perfect as a file can be made and are guaranteed to be of the best **CRUCIBLE STEEL**, carefully forged to shape. Each file is fully inspected and proved before leaving the factory.

The teeth are formed to give the greatest amount of strength with sharp cutting edges and at the same time to allow sufficient clearance to prevent clogging.

**HENRY DISSTON & SONS**

INCORPORATED  
KEYSTONE SAW, TOOL, STEEL AND FILE WORKS  
PHILADELPHIA

**The Gimlet**

**ON THE  
FIRING  
LINE**

**G. A. HDKP,  
Columbus,  
Ohio**



## **TRAP SHOOTING At the Gun Club**

**Is a Pleasure to its Members and  
Profitable to Dealers**

**1912** is noticeable for the decided increase in membership of gun clubs and consequent impetus given to the "sport alluring" trap shooting. Our Gun Club Organization Department is most helpful in forming new and reviving old clubs whose members need shot shells loaded with

**DU PONT**

## **SPORTING POWDERS**

guns, accessories and clubhouse equipment.

Trap shooting is a constant outlet for ammunition and other shooters' supplies. There's no "closed seasons" to interfere with trap shooting—targets and loaded shot shells are in daily demand at the gun club. Join the ranks of dealers alive to the profits attained by activity in trap shooting. Ask for our aid—it's free. Address Department 13.

**E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Co.**

**America's Pioneer  
Powder Makers**

**Wilmington, Del.**

# DANGER

WHAT WILL YOU PAY FOR  
TIMELY WARNINGS

## THE HARDWARE REPORTER

THE PAPER THATS READ.

**WE WATCH-  
WE WARN**

We have unequalled facilities for getting the very latest market reports.

**AND WE GET THEM.**

We have proved this conclusively a number of times. Only recently—in the matter of the sharp advance in axes and the decline in wire cloth, **THE HARDWARE REPORTER** carried this news to the trade one week before any other trade journal. We scooped them all as usual.

Can you afford to be without such warnings? You must have them to buy intelligently. They appear in **THE HARDWARE REPORTER** weekly.

**THE HARDWARE REPORTER** presents all the news of the Hardware World, each week, in a human, interesting, readable way.

Its editorials are pithy, its Salesmanager Talks instructive and its Retail Department exceedingly valuable. On its New Goods pages appear weekly all the novelties and latest productions in hardware.

A valuable, live, interesting, progressive journal from cover to cover.

It should be on your desk every week.

Is it?

If not, a postal will bring a sample copy and our subscription proposition. Write now.

**\$2.00  
PER  
YEAR  
10¢  
THE  
COPY**

**THE HARDWARE REPORTER**  
501 OLIVE ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.



Examine  
it (KEEN-R-EDG)  
Carefully



and the only way to do this is personally, yourself, on your own best stop and your very best razor—then you will enjoy the pleasures of the most delightful shave ever. Please do this; we'll send full-size sample for the asking. We want you to be an enthusiastic booster of KEEN-R-EDG. Of course you'll sell it; anyway, first sales are made through its attractive counter display card. Follow-up sales are easy, 'cause KEEN-R-EDG is the one PERFECT RAZOR PASTE.

One dozen on attractive transformation display card for 60 cents, through your jobber; retails for 10 cents each.

Don't forget to write us for that sample.

**KEEN-R-EDG CO.**

917 OLIVE STREET

ST. LOUIS

## The Gimlet

**T**O FOCUS the Buying Public's  
attention on  
your  
store—

try  
advertising

COMMUNITY  
SILVER

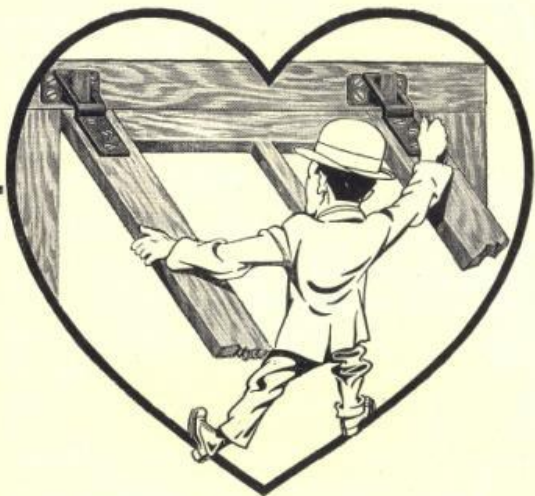
in your  
local  
newspapers



Send for booklet of  
free newspaper cuts

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd.  
ONEIDA, N. Y.

The Gimlet



Hang the reputation of your store on Stanley Quality, and your Customers' Storm Sash on

**"PEERLESS" STORM SASH  
HANGERS AND FASTENERS**

Everybody will be happy. Your customers will like the Hardware, you will like the profits, and we will like your business.

Tell your jobber that you want STANLEY'S NUMBERS 1717 AND 1719, AND BE READY FOR THE FALL TRADE.

**THE STANLEY WORKS**

NEW YORK

NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

CHICAGO

## (US) AMMUNITION WINS

Every Long Range Match and All of the Important  
Matches at Sea Girt and Wakefield

### SEA GIRT

#### PRESIDENT'S MATCH.

Range, National Beach Course.

1st prize, won by Corporal Cedric B. Long, Mass. Score, 215.  
25 prizes. U.S. AMMUNITION wins 20. All other makes, 5.

#### WINDLEDGE CUP MATCH.

Range, 1,500 yards.

1st prize, won by Captain A. E. Briggs, U. S. A. Score, 97.  
27 prizes. U.S. AMMUNITION wins first eight places. U.S. AM-  
MUNITION wins 21. All other makes, 15.

#### SPENCER MATCH.

Range, 1,000 yards.

1st prize, won by Corporal H. E. Major, U. S. M. C. Score, 68.  
4 prizes. U.S. AMMUNITION wins 3. All other makes, 1.

#### NEVADA MATCH.

Range, 1,000 yards.

25 prizes. U.S. AMMUNITION wins 21. All other makes, 4.

#### NEVADA TROPHY MATCH.

Range, 600, 800 and 1,000 yards.

1st prize, won by Sergeant P. S. Scholfield, Mass. Score, 148.  
15 prizes. First seven won by U.S. AMMUNITION. U.S. AM-  
MUNITION wins 14. All other makes, 1.

#### INTERSTATE RESIDENTIAL TEAM MATCH.

Range, 600, 800 and 1,000 yards.

1st and 2d places, won with U.S. AMMUNITION.

#### OFFICERS' AND INSPECTORS' MATCH.

Range, 800 and 1,000 yards.

10 prizes. U.S. AMMUNITION wins 7. All other makes, 3.

#### HAYES MATCH.

Range, 600 yards.

1st prize, won by Sergeant Frank Ryan, Mass., with a consecutive  
run of 15 bull's-eyes. Within one of tying world's record.  
25 prizes. U.S. AMMUNITION wins 13. All other makes, 12.

#### ALL-COASTS SHOOTING MATCH.

Range, 600 yards.

1st prize, won by Corporal Cedric B. Long, Mass. 10 straight bull's-  
eyes clearing off a tie.  
21 prizes. U.S. AMMUNITION wins 14. All other makes, 7.

#### SWISS MATCH.

Range, 500 yards.

17 prizes. U.S. AMMUNITION wins 11. All other makes, 6.

#### REMINGTON U.M.C. MATCH.

Range, 1,000 yards.

Won by Lieut. John E. Parker, Mass.

21 prizes. U.S. AMMUNITION wins 20. All other makes, 11.

#### LEECH CUP MATCH.

Range, 600, 800 and 1,000 yards.

1st prize, won by Sergeant P. H. Koss, Mass.

1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th places won with U.S. AMMUNITION.

20 prizes. U.S. AMMUNITION wins 19. All other makes, 12.

#### ANNUAL REMEMBRANCE MATCH.

Range, 500 and 600 yards.

Won by Sergeant P. S. Scholfield, Mass. Score, 94.

1st eight places won by U.S. AMMUNITION.

Total prizes, 22. U.S. AMMUNITION wins 18. All others, 4.

#### SPENCER SILHOUETTE MATCH.

Range, 1,000 yards.

1st prize, won by the U. S. Marine Corps Team.

#### GEN. RADLER MATCH.

Range, 100, 300 and 1,000 yards.

1st prize, won by Mass. Team. Score, 1501. 2d prize, won by Iowa

Team. Score, 1512.

#### LEBBY TROPHY MATCH.

Range, 1,000 yards.

1st prize, won by Sergt. J. Jackson, U. S. Marine Corps. Score, 97.

21 prizes. U.S. AMMUNITION wins 11. All other makes, 10.

#### DAYTON TROPHY MATCH.

Range, 600, 800 and 1,000 yards.

Won by Mass. Team with the record-breaking score of 1191.

25 prizes. U.S. AMMUNITION wins 12. All other makes, 13.

#### SEA GIRT CHAMPIONSHIP.

Range, 500, 600, 800 and 1,000 yards. New Record for this Match.

Highest score ever made in this famous match made by Sergt. Frank

Koss, of Mass. 14 with U.S. AMMUNITION. First five places

won with U.S. AMMUNITION.

22 prizes. U.S. AMMUNITION wins 11. All other makes, 11.

### WAKEFIELD

#### RESULTS OF 17 PRIZE CARRYING EVENTS

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize	Aggregate Prizes
(US) International Ammunition	13	13	12	3
All Other Makes	2	1	2	0

#### NOVACE MATCH, WORLD'S RECORD.

500 yards. J. S. Stewart, 13 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

#### GOVERNOR McLEAN MATCH.

1st prize, 10 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

2nd prize, 10 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

3rd prize, 17 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

4th prize, 17 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

#### GOVERNOR QUINCY MATCH.

1st prize, 10 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

2nd prize, 17 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

3rd prize, 17 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

#### NEUMAN MATCH.

2nd prize, 10 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

3rd prize, 20 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

4th prize, 10 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

#### CAPT. CUNNING MATCH.

1st prize, 10 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

2nd prize, 10 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

3rd prize, 10 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

4th prize, 10 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

5th prize, 10 straight bull's-eyes, U.S. AMMUNITION.

#### TANFEL MATCH.

All seven prizes won by U.S. AMMUNITION.

#### OFFICERS' AGGREGATE.

Won by U.S. AMMUNITION.

#### H. E. AGGREGATE.

Won by U.S. AMMUNITION.

#### GRAND AGGREGATE.

Won by U.S. AMMUNITION.

OTHER WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIPS RECENTLY WON BY (US) AMMUNITION

Pan-American Matches, Argentina

Olympic Matches, Stockholm

(US) AMMUNITION HITS WHERE YOU AIM!

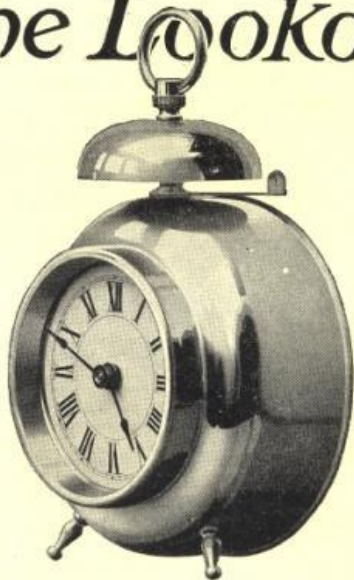
UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY

LOWELL, MASS.



The Gimlet

# The Lookout



*"It Rings for a dollar."*

**W**HAT if the Lookout was designed to sell?—What if it was given good works—good looks—a good name and a popular price?

What if it was put up in a corking good box and insured the dealer a nice fat profit on every one he sold?

—What if it's carried in stock by 325 wholesalers?

What if through advertising its sales have been increased in less than three months from 160 to 1090 every day in the week?—

What if it's made by Westclox, La Salle, Illinois?

IF YOU CONTEMPLATE  
GETTING OUT A

**Hardware Catalogue**

WRITE TO US.

WE ARE THE LARGEST AND  
BEST EQUIPPED PLANT IN  
AMERICA FOR COMPILING  
AND PUBLISHING HARDWARE  
✻ ✻ CATALOGUES. ✻ ✻

**WOODWARD & TIERNAN**  
**PRINTING COMPANY**  
ST. LOUIS U S A

---

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**E**VERYBODY IN THE UNITED  
STATES IS DOING IT—  
DOING IT—DOING IT—

DOING WHAT?

TRYING TO RUN THE OTHER  
FELLOW'S BUSINESS!

Original—thot out by

*Mike Kinney*

Teamster and Editor

UNCLE SAM  
DEALER  
UP TO DATE  
HARDWARE



NO SIR, THE UNITED STATES HAS  
CLOSED OUT OF **KNOCKERS** —  
IN FUTURE WE WILL HAVE ONLY THE LATEST  
VARIETIES OF **PUSH BUTTONS!**  
**GET BUSY!**